

The background of the poster is a dramatic illustration. At the top, a car is shown in a violent crash, with its front end crumpled and wheels flying. Below the car, two men are depicted in a close-up, intense expression. The man on the right is looking upwards with a grimace, while the man on the left is partially visible, also with a serious expression. The overall color palette is dominated by reds, browns, and greys, creating a sense of action and danger.

# **ACTION**

**PICTURE  
LIBRARY**  
No.14 One Shilling

A  
PELLEWAY  
LIBRARY

**A SCIENTIFIC  
DISCOVERY THAT  
LED ONLY TO  
DEATH!**

# **BLOOD HEAT**

# MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

ON the 1st of April, 1945, Corporal Thomas Hunter of the Royal Marine Commandos, was leading a bren group forward in enemy-held territory, when he realised they were facing a strong, dug-in enemy position. Knowing that there was no other way round, Hunter charged forward alone. In the ensuing fight he cleared the position.



Later in the day he found himself in a similar position—but without his bren gun. Without a thought for his own safety he proceeded to draw the enemy's fire, thus saving his men from certain destruction. For his gallant actions on this one day, Corporal Hunter was awarded the Victoria Cross.

# BLOOD HEAT

WHEN PROFESSOR HANS LENZ, A FORMER REFUGEE SCIENTIST FROM NAZI-DOMINATED EUROPE, COMBINED HIS NEWLY-DISCOVERED ELEMENT LENZIUM WITH A URANIUM METAL FUEL IN MAGNESIUM ALLOY, HE FOUND HE HAD MADE A SENSATIONAL BREAK-THROUGH IN CONTROLLED NUCLEAR HEAT. BUT HIS DISCOVERY WAS TO LEAD TO DEATH AND A CHASE ACROSS THE WORLD!

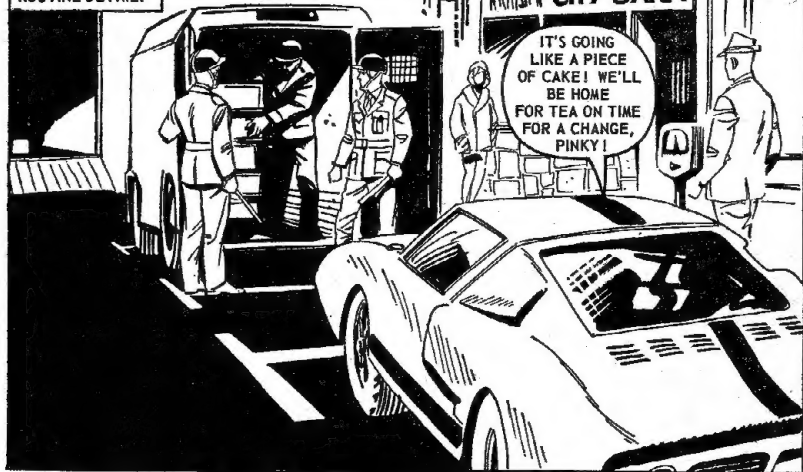
EUREKA! WE  
WE HAVE DONE IT!  
WE HAVE BROKEN THROUGH  
THE HEAT BARRIER. FOR ME,  
LUTHER, IT IS A DREAM  
COME TRUE!



GREG BURKE PUT HIS FOOT DOWN AND JUMPED THE AMBER LIGHT A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE RED CAME UP. THE HORNS OF PROTESTING DRIVERS BLARED IN CHORUS...



AS EMPLOYEES OF STRONGVAULT SECURITY LTD. GREG AND PINKY HOLLAND WERE ACTING AS "STRAGGLE-MEN" TO THE CASH-LADEN ARMoured VAN. JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE DETAIL.



THE NEXT MOMENT, FOUR CARS CAME OUT OF THE SIDE ROADS AT SPEED, TYRES SQUEALING...



THE CARS' BRAKES SLAMMED  
ON AND THUGS TUMBLED ON  
TO THE ROAD ...



THE GUARDS WENT DOWN FIGHTING AGAINST THE  
MERCILESS ATTACK.





THE AMMONIA GUN IN HIS HAND, GREG WAS RACING TOWARDS THE SCENE WHEN ONE OF THE AMBUSHERS TURNED ON HIM. BUCKSHOT STREAKED OVER HIS HEAD.



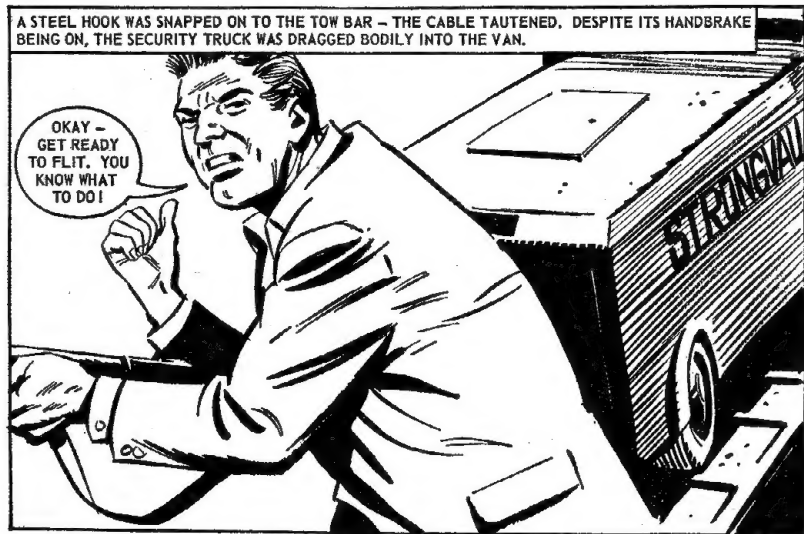
BUT STILL GREG RAN ON - UNTIL PINKY FLUNG HIM OFF HIS FEET WITH A RUGBY CHARGE...



MEANWHILE, A LARGE EMPTY FURNITURE VAN HAD BACKED UP TO THE STRONGVAULT TRUCK.



A STEEL HOOK WAS SNAPPED ON TO THE TOW BAR - THE CABLE TAUTENED. DESPITE ITS HANDBRAKE BEING ON, THE SECURITY TRUCK WAS DRAGGED BODILY INTO THE VAN.

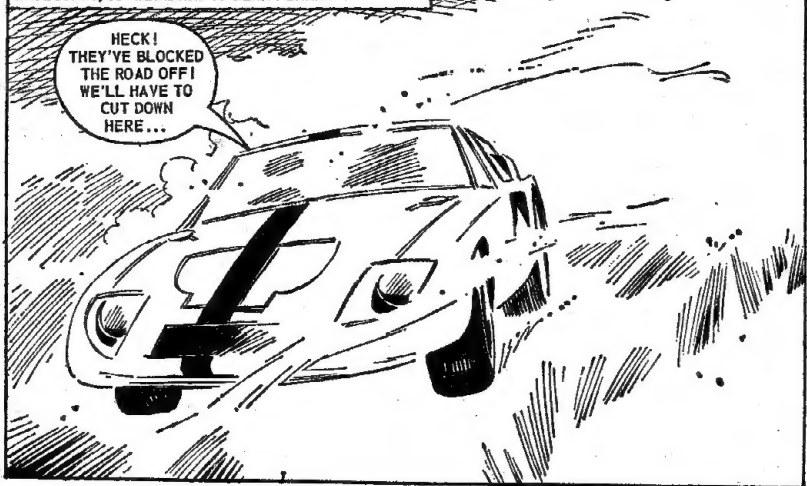




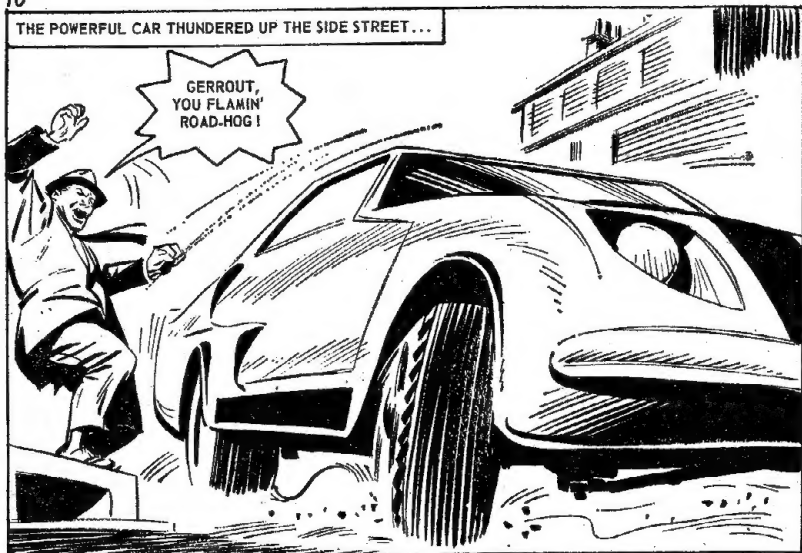
SMOKE BOMBS EXPLODED VIOLENTLY IN THE STREET, VOMITING OUT BILLOWING WHITE CLOUDS THAT COMPLETELY OBSCURED THE THUGS AS THEY MADE THEIR GETAWAY.



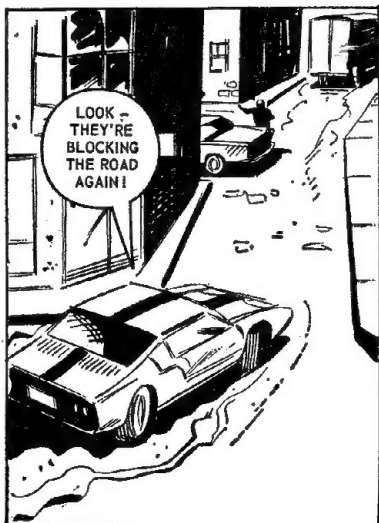
THE TIME TAKEN FOR THE SNATCH COULD BE RECKONED IN SECONDS, SO WELL HAD IT BEEN PLANNED.



THE POWERFUL CAR THUNDERED UP THE SIDE STREET...

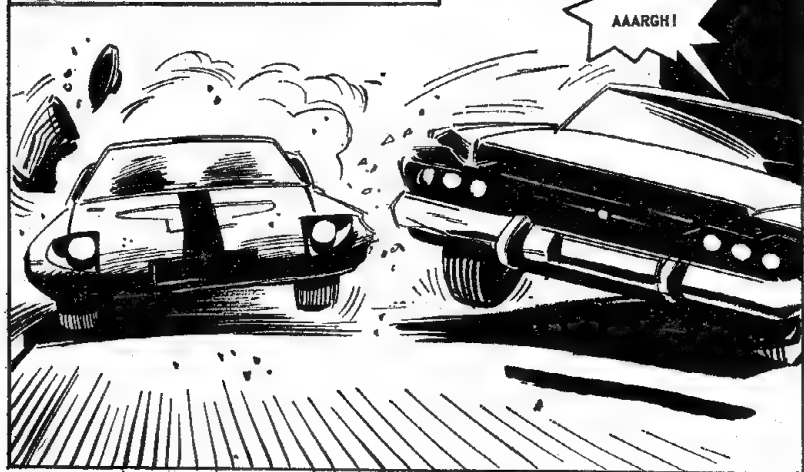


EYES SEARCHING EVERY CORNER THEY PASSED,  
PINKY SPOTTED THEIR QUARRY FIRST...





BUMPER MET METAL WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH. THE BIG SALOON CAR WAS BULL-DOZED ASIDE...





INSIDE THE GATES, THE WELL-ORGANISED CROOKS WERE ALREADY IN ACTION AGAIN. THE SECURITY VAN'S DOOR WAS OPEN. THE DRIVER, JOHNNY LOMAX, AND A GUARD WERE HELD AT GUN POINT.



GREG HAD JUDGED IT TOO RISKY FOLLOWING THE VAN THROUGH THE GATES. HE STOPPED A FEW YARDS DOWN THE ROAD INSTEAD.



STRONG LEG MUSCLES GAVE GREG THE SPRING HE NEEDED TO GAIN HIS OBJECTIVE.



HE SLID DOWN THE OTHER SIDE AND TOOK SHELTER BEHIND A TRUCK.



THE CROOKS WERE WASTING NO TIME. THE CAPTURED SECURITY VAN WAS ALREADY NOSING DOWN INTO THE CONTAINER ON THE MOTOR BARGE'S DECK...



NO-ONE NOTICED GREG SLIP INTO THE DRIVING CAB OF THE FURNITURE VAN. ITS ENGINE WAS STILL RUNNING...

NEXT MOMENT...



WITH THE SEAT CUSHION, GREG WEDGED THE ACCELERATOR PEDAL HARD DOWN - AND THEN JUMPED!





OVER THE EDGE WENT THE BIG VAN, TO LAND CRUSHINGLY ON TO THE BARGE'S WHEELHOUSE - AND THEN THE FAT WAS IN THE FIRE!



THERE WAS NOTHING GREG COULD DO BUT TURN AND RUN! EVEN AS HE REACHED THE WALL, HE HEARD SWEET MUSIC - POLICE-CAR SIRENS.



WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, THE SECURITY VAN'S DRIVER, JOHNNY LOMAX, PULLED A QUIZZICAL FACE.



NEXT DAY, GREG, PINKY AND JOHNNY WERE INTERVIEWED BY NIGEL ALLUM, TOP-MAN OF STRONGVAULT.



NIGEL ALLUM THUMPED HIS DESK PETULANTLY.

NO! THERE  
WILL BE NO ARMED  
MEN IN MY ORGANISATION.  
NOW TAKE TWO DAYS' BREAK,  
AND REPORT TO ME ON THURSDAY.  
I HAVE AN IMPORTANT  
ASSIGNMENT FOR  
YOU THREE.



IN FACT, IF THE NEXT JOB IS CARRYING A HALF-MILLION IN CASH, I WON'T TAKE IT UNLESS I AM PERMITTED TO CARRY A GUN ON DUTY! AND ALLUM CAN PUT THAT IN HIS PIPE AND SMOKE IT!



BY NOW, THE SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF HANS LENZ HAD RECEIVED WORLD PUBLICITY. SENOR MANUEL RODRIGUES WAS NOT THE FIRST MAN TO PUT A BUSINESS PROPOSITION TO THE SCIENTIST...



LIKE THE OTHERS WHO HAD SOUGHT TO BUY THE LENZ HEAT REACTOR, RODRIGUES WAS GETTING THE BRUSH-OFF.



THE OLD MAN SLOWLY SHOOK HIS HEAD. WOULD THESE MEN WHO THOUGHT ONLY OF MATERIAL THINGS NEVER UNDERSTAND?

THAT IS NOT TRUE, BUT I WILL NOT ARGUE. SUFFICIENT TO SAY THAT MY REACTOR IS ALREADY IN THE SAFE-KEEPING OF THE ROYAL STEEL CONSORTIUM. THEIR NEW FACTORY TO PRODUCE HIGH-GRADE STEEL BY USING THE SUPRA-HEAT FROM MY INVENTION IS ALMOST COMPLETE. WHEN IT IS WORKING, I WILL THEN START TO PRODUCE MORE LENZIUM TO MAKE ANOTHER REACTOR.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN NARROWED HIS EYES. RUMOUR HAD SAID THAT THE LENZIUM ALREADY PRODUCED WOULD LAST INDEFINITELY, BUT THE ELEMENT WAS SO RARE, NOT ENOUGH COULD BE OBTAINED TO PRODUCE ANOTHER REACTOR.

MORE LENZIUM? I UNDERSTAND IT HAD TAKEN HALF A LIFETIME TO PRODUCE THE AMOUNT YOU NEEDED.



OF COURSE. BUT NEXT TIME, IT SHOULD ONLY TAKE ME TEN YEARS. I PRAY THAT I LIVE THAT LONG! ANOTHER DRINK FOR OUR GUEST, LUTHER.

TEN YEARS! FOR RODRIGUES THAT WAS HALF A LIFETIME!

PROFESSOR, I COULD NOT WAIT THAT LONG. MY BUSINESS IN INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS COULD USE THE LENZ HEAT REACTOR NOW. I RAISE MY OFFER BY HALF-A-MILLION!

YOU CAN RAISE IT TO INFINITY. IT WOULD BE NO USE. I HAVE GIVEN IT TO BRITAIN, SIR. PLEASE COME BACK IN TEN YEARS AND WE WILL TALK AGAIN, EH?

THE SOUTH AMERICAN APPEARED TO ACCEPT DEFEAT. THE SUAVE CHARM HAD RE-APPEARED AS HE PREPARED TO LEAVE

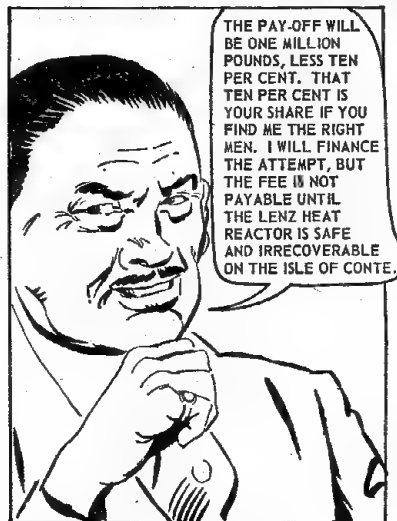
IN TEN YEARS' TIME, THEN, PROFESSOR LENZ. I SHALL LOOK FORWARD TO IT. ADIOS.

GOODBYE, SIR. I AM SORRY YOU HAD YOUR LONG JOURNEY FOR NOTHING.

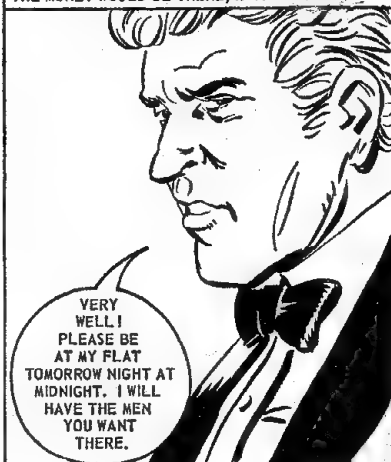





LEW FROBISHER, THE CLUB OWNER, DID NOT SPEAK UNTIL RODRIGUES HAD OUTLINED THE REASON FOR HIS VISIT. THEN...



THERE WAS A PAUSE AS FROBISHER LET THE WORDS SINK IN. HE KNEW HIS MAN. HE KNEW, TOO, THAT THE MONEY WOULD BE THERE, IF IT WAS EARNED





THE NEXT NIGHT AT FROBISHER'S FLAT, RODRIGUES MET "THE FIXERS" SMILER JOHNSON HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN TO LAUGH AND LEE CRIPPS HAD THE COLD EYES OF A DEAD FISH.

SURE, LEE AND ME CAN FIX IT. YOU SAY THIS GADGET WILL BE IN A SPECIAL CANISTER NO BIGGER THAN A TWENTY-FIVE POUNDER SHELL CASE. THAT'S HANDY. BUT HOW DO WE GET IT OUT OF THE COUNTRY?

YOU CAN LEAVE THE MATTER OF TRANSPORT TO ME, BUT I WILL NEED TO KNOW OF AN OLD WAR-TIME AIRFIELD NOT TOO FAR FROM THE POINT OF HOIST.

IT WAS A DETAIL QUICKLY SETTLED AND WHEN RODRIGUES FLEW BACK TO HIS PRIVATE ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF BRAZIL, HE CARRIED A MARKED MAP WITH HIM.



GOMEZ, YOU WILL TAKE THE JET TO ENGLAND. HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS. FOR IT IS HERE WHERE YOU WILL LAND.

SI, SENOR.

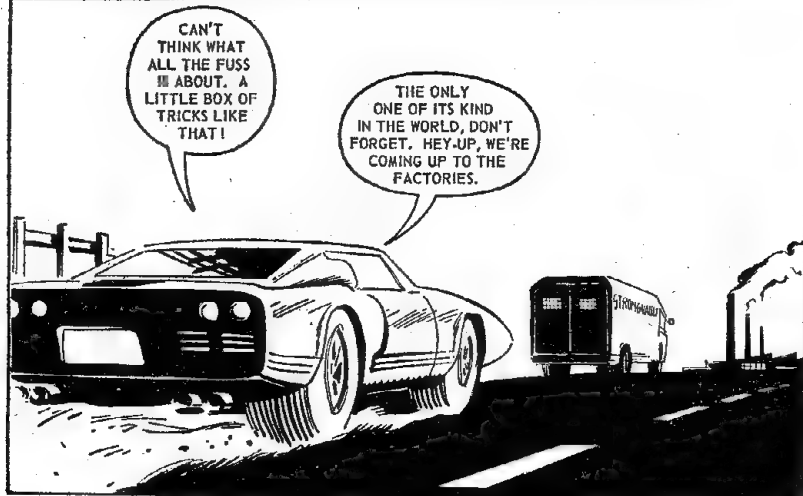
HIS PILOT BRIEFED, THE MILLIONAIRE WENT WITH HIS FACTORY MANAGER TO THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND, WHERE HE HAD BUILT HIS INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX.

YOU CAN START PREPARING  
NUMBER TWO FURNACE, DA SILVA.  
WE SHALL SOON HAVE ANOTHER SOURCE  
OF HEAT. THEN, INSTEAD OF PRODUCING  
HERE INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS, WE WILL  
CREATE THE REAL THING!

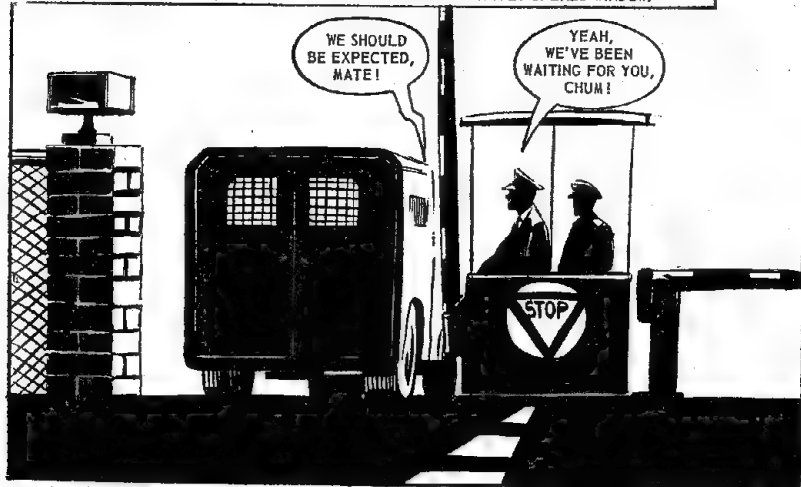
SO YOU WON,  
SEÑOR! YOU  
PERSUADED  
LENZ TO SELL?  
EXCELLENT!

LENZ, THE OLD  
FOOL, REFUSED TO  
SELL BUT NEVERTHELESS,  
I SHALL SOON HAVE ENOUGH HEAT  
TO TURN CARBON INTO PRICELESS STONES.  
I HAVE SEEN TO THAT! THEN I  
WILL CORNER THE WORLD'S  
DIAMOND MARKET!

STRONGVULT HAD BEEN GIVEN THE JOB OF TRANSPORTING THE LENZ HEAT REACTOR FROM THE MASSIVE VAULTS OF THE ROYAL STEEL CONSORTIUM IN LONDON TO ITS FACTORY IN THE NORTH.



THE VAN TURNED INTO THE GUARDED GATES OF THE CONSORTIUM'S GREAT STEEL PLANT AND JOHNNY LOMAX, ITS DRIVER, SLID HIS PASS OUT THROUGH THE PARTLY-OPENED WINDOW.



AS THE VAN DROVE ON, GREG DREW UP AT THE GUARD-HUT. HE FLASHED HIS PASS, ALSO.



MEANWHILE, THE ARMoured VAN HAD BEEN HALTED BY SOME WORKMEN ON THE ROAD INTO THE PLANT.





AT THE GATE, GREG WAS GETTING IMPATIENT. THE GUARD APPEARED TO BE IN NO HURRY TO CLEAR HIM FOR ENTRANCE.



A FEW MORE MINUTES TICKED BY. THEN...



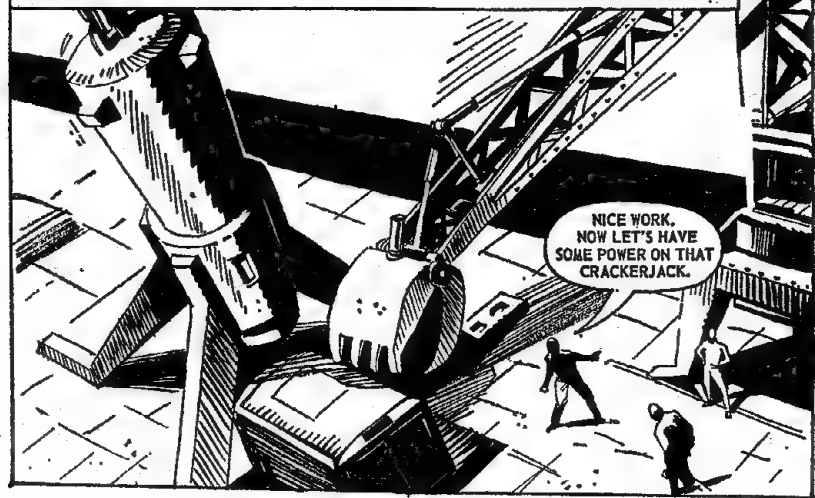
AT THAT MOMENT, GREG LOOKED DOWN THE ROAD - AND GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE.



THE VAN HAD BEEN HOISTED HIGH ABOVE THE ROAD. STANDING BESIDE THE GIANT MECHANICAL GRAB, SMILER JOHNSON AND LEE CRIPPS SUPERVISED THE OPERATION...



DELIBERATELY, THE GRAB LAID THE VAN DOWN ON TO THE BASE OF A MONSTROUS PILE-DRIVER...



INSIDE THE VAN, JOHNNY LOMAX GAVE A HORRIFIED CRY...

JOCK, IF  
YOU'RE A PRAYING MAN,  
START NOW!



UP  
AGAIN AND GIVE  
IT ANOTHER  
THUMP!



GREG WAS STILL RUNNING TOWARDS THE SCENE WHEN TWO VEHICLES ACCELERATED TOWARDS HIM...

HEY!  
STOP!



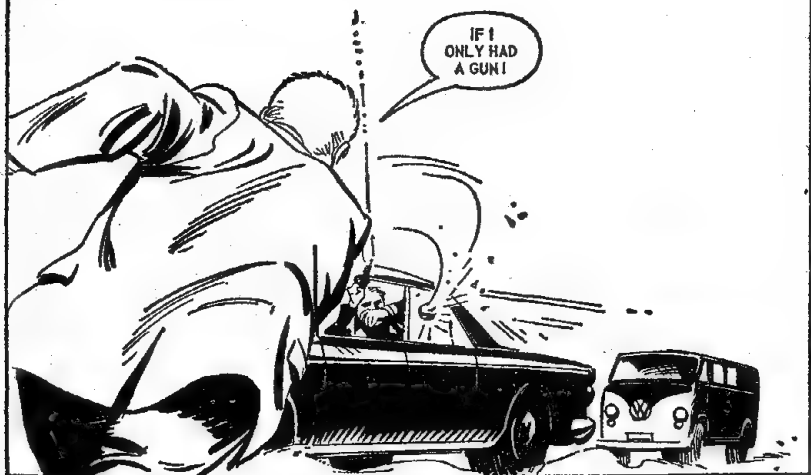
HE GOT A SIGHT OF THE MAN IN THE CAR - AND RECOGNISED HIM AT ONCE...



THE BULLET SANG WITHIN INCHES OF GREG'S EAR AS HE LEAPED ASIDE.



A STONE WAS NOT VERY EFFECTIVE AGAINST BULLETS BUT AT LEAST IT PUT THE CROOK OFF HIS AIM...



THE TWO SECURITY MEN WERE QUICKLY LEFT YARDS BEHIND. THEY SAW THE VAN HALT AT THE GATE...





BUT NEITHER OF THEM WERE PREPARED FOR WHAT THEY FOUND. THE STRONG ARMoured VAN HAD BEEN SQUASHED LIKE AN EMPTY TIN, ITS SIDES SPLIT OPEN...



TEN MILES NORTH OF THE STEEL PLANT, THE CROOKS' VEHICLES TURNED INTO A WOODLAND TRACK. OTHER VEHICLES AWAITED THEM THERE.



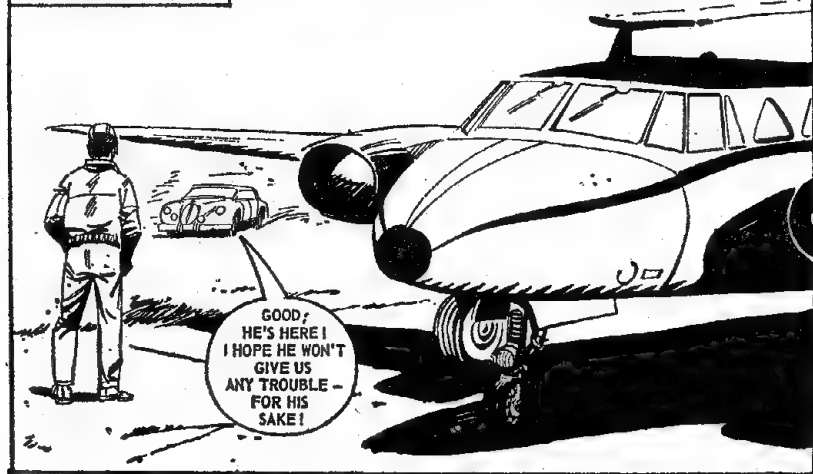
THEY POURED PETROL OVER THE TWO VEHICLES USED IN THE OPERATION, AND SET THEM BLAZING. THEN THEY TRANSFERRED TO THE OTHER CARS.

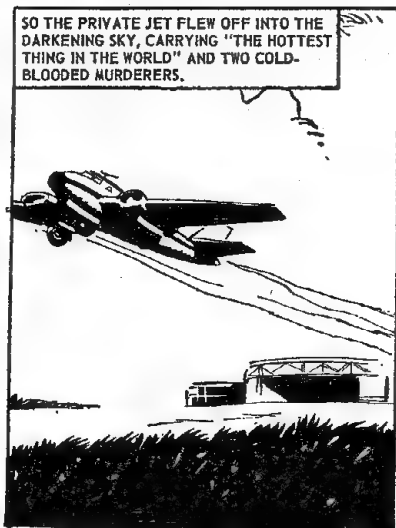
GET MOVING,  
LEE! THAT GUY  
GOMEZ SHOULD  
BE PUTTING DOWN  
ABOUT NOW.



GOMEZ, THE PILOT OF RODRIGUES'S PRIVATE JET, WAS ALREADY AT THE RENDEZVOUS, AN OLD WAR-TIME R.A.F. STATION.

GOOD;  
HE'S HERE!  
I HOPE HE WON'T  
GIVE US  
ANY TROUBLE -  
FOR HIS  
SAKE!





ONE MORE ITEM IN RODRIGUES'S PLANS NEEDED ATTENTION. THE LENZ HEAT REACTOR HAD TO REMAIN UNIQUE. THAT NIGHT, HANS LENZ RECEIVED A LATE VISIT.



THE TWO SHOTS STARTED THE HOUSEHOLD. UPSTAIRS, LUTHER GOTT FELT HIS HEART MISS A BEAT.





THERE WOULD BE NO MORE LENZIUM, NO MORE HEAT REACTORS. THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD MAKE IT WAS DEAD.



AT THE STRONGVAULT H.Q., GREG BURKE AND PINKY FACED AN IRATE MANAGING DIRECTOR.



OUTSIDE, PINKY SUDDENLY REALIZED HE HAD THROWN UP A WELL-PAID JOB. YET HE HAD NO REGRETS.



WITH THAT MONEY THEY COULD HAVE SAT BACK AND TAKEN A HOLIDAY. BUT GREG BURKE HAD OTHER IDEAS.



SO THE DEAL WAS MADE. THE REWARD MONEY WOULD FINANCE AN INDEPENDENT SEARCH FOR THE KILLERS OF JOHNNY LOMAX AND JOCK TURNER. THE LENZ HEAT REACTOR WAS NOT EVEN CONSIDERED - EXCEPT AS A LEAD.

THIS IS THE HOUSE WHERE THE PROFESSOR WAS KILLED AND HIS LAB BURNED DOWN. THEY SAY HE HAD AN ASSISTANT. THAT'S THE BLOKE WE WANT TO SEE.

LUTHER GOTT WOULD ONLY LET THEM IN AFTER THEY HAD EXPLAINED THEIR CONNECTION WITH THE CANISTER.

WHAT IS THE USE? THE MASTER HAS GONE, HIS WORK HAS BEEN DESTROYED. IT IS ALL OVER!

IT IS A BAD BUSINESS, MISTER GOTT, THAT'S WHY WE NEED YOUR HELP. TELL ME, WAS ANYONE ELSE INTERESTED IN THE PROFESSOR'S INVENTION BESIDES THE STEEL CONSORTIUM?



BUT YES, MANY WERE INTERESTED. ONE MAN OFFERED A MILLION AND A HALF POUNDS FOR IT! A FANTASTIC SUM, BUT PROFESSOR LENZ TURNED IT DOWN, OUT OF HAND!



A MILLION AND A HALF! PHEW! WHO WAS THAT, MISTER GOTT?

A SENOR RODRIGUES FROM SOUTH AMERICA. I UNDERSTAND HE MANUFACTURES INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.



THE LEAD WAS GETTING WARMER. THE TWO INVESTIGATORS' NEXT STOP WAS AT THE BRAZILIAN EMBASSY IN LONDON. THERE THEY LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT RODRIGUES, THE MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST.

SO THIS ISLE OF CONTE HE OWNS IS OUTSIDE THE BRAZILIAN THREE MILE LIMIT! IF HE'S GOT THE REACTOR, HE'S NOT LIKELY TO LET IT GO WITHOUT A FIGHT!

AYE, AND HE SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY UNSCRUPULOUS CHARACTER!



THE REWARD MONEY WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO FINANCE A TRIP TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.

MAYBE  
THE ISLAND  
OF CONTE IS NOT  
FOR TOURISTS,  
PINKY. WE MIGHT  
HAVE TROUBLE  
EVEN GETTING  
THERE.

WE  
CAN BUT  
TRY.

FOUR WEEKS LATER, A B.O.A.C. VC-10 LEFT HEATHROW AIRPORT FOR RIO DE JANEIRO. GREG BURKE AND PINKY HOLLAND WERE ABOARD...

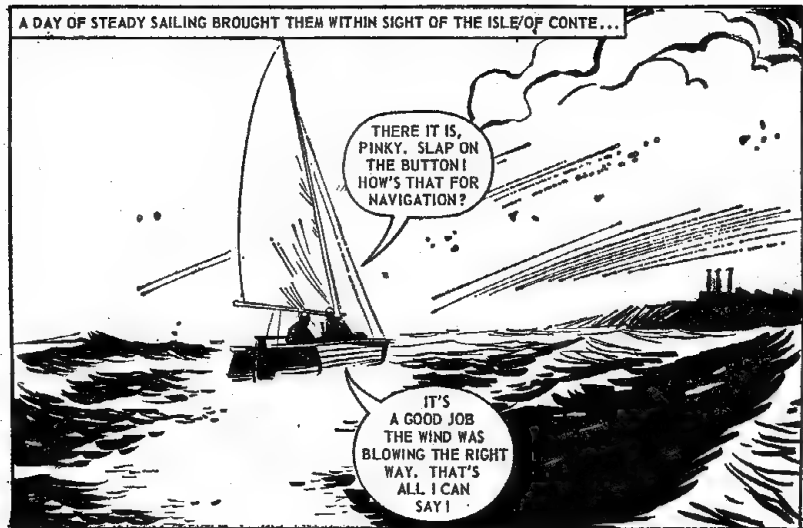
AFTER  
WE GET TO  
RIO, WE PLAY  
IT BY EAR,  
EH?

OKAY BY  
ME, GREG. BUT  
NEXT TIME THE  
SHOOTING STARTS,  
PINKY HOLLAND  
WILL START  
EVEN!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE MODERN CITY OF RIO, THEY FOUND A PLACE WHERE THEY COULD HIRE A BOAT.



A DAY OF STEADY SAILING BROUGHT THEM WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ISLE/OF CONTE...



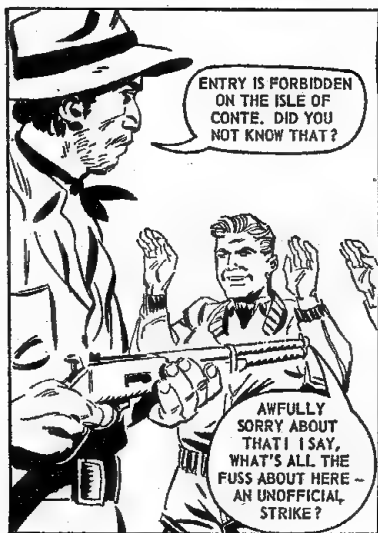
AS PINKY GOT CRACKING WITH AN AXE, GREG KNEW THEY HAD TAKEN THE ROAD OF NO RETURN.



THE TWO EX-SECURITY MEN WERE SURPRISED TO FIND THEY COULD ROW IN TO THE BEACH WITHOUT INTERFERENCE. IT SEEMED THE ISLAND'S GUARDS WERE ENGAGED IN PUTTING DOWN A STRIKE BY RODRIGUES'S SLAVE LABOUR.



THE ANGRY WORKERS TOOK NO NOTICE OF THE INTRUDERS, BUT TWO OF THE GUARDS QUICKLY HAD THEM COVERED...



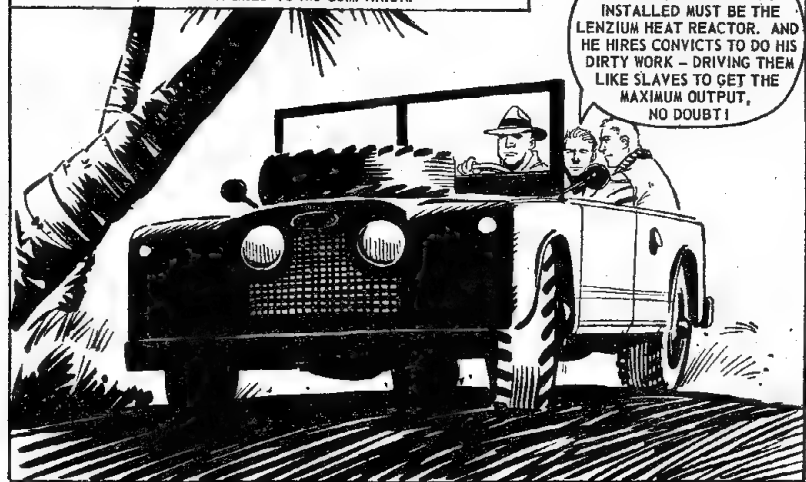
PAH! THEY ARE THE SCUM OF BRAZIL. RECENTLY, THE SENOR INSTALLED A MIRACULOUS NEW PLANT WHICH MUST BE KEPT WORKING NIGHT AND DAY. JUST BECAUSE THESE LAYABOUTS HAVE TO WORK MAYBE TWELVE HOUR SHIFTS, THEY COMPLAIN!



THE MESSAGE CAME BACK THAT THE TWO TRESPASSERS HAD TO BE TAKEN DIRECTLY TO RODRIGUES'S HOUSE.



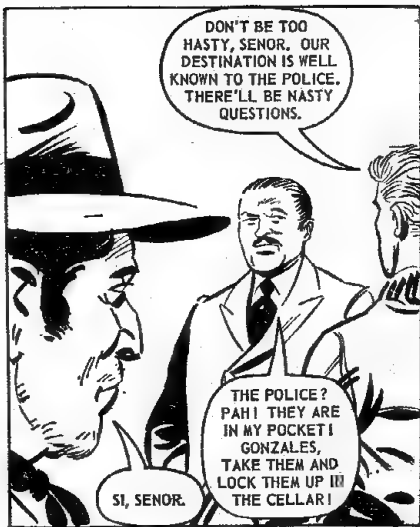
AS THEY DROVE ALONG THE COAST ROAD TOWARDS THE RESIDENTIAL PART OF CONTE, GREG WHISPERED TO HIS COMPANION.



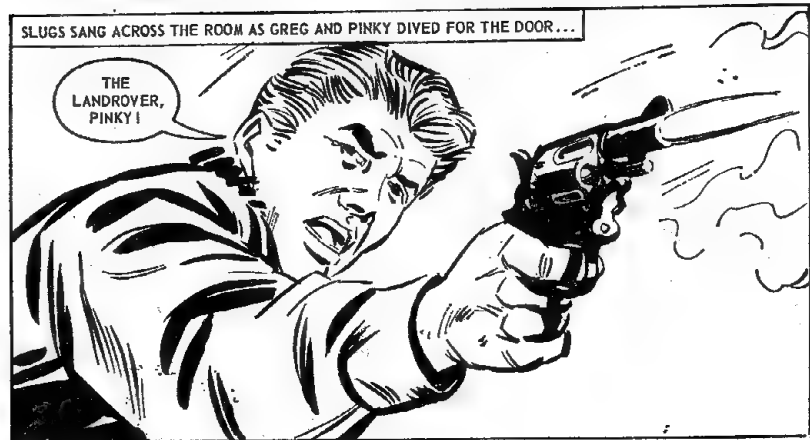
THE MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST WAS WAITING AT THE HOUSE. GREG PLAYED THE ENGLISH TOURIST FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH.



AND THEN, WHO SHOULD ENTER THE ROOM BUT SMILER JOHNSON AND LEE CRIPPS.



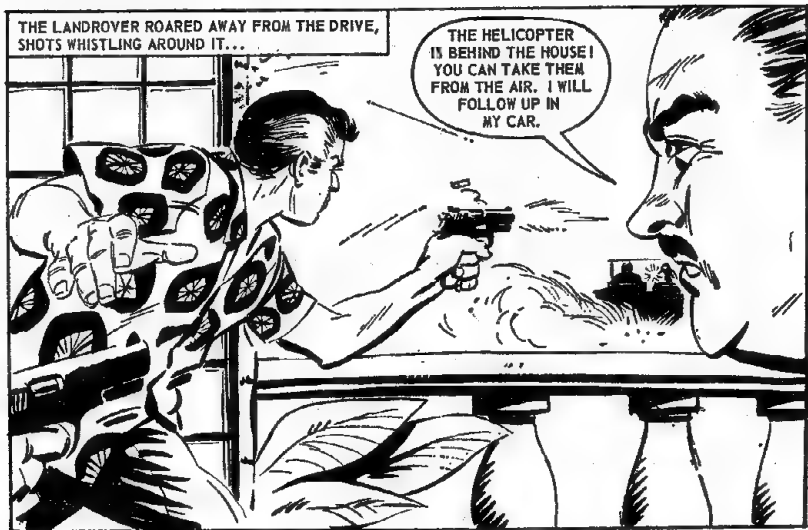




ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND WAS GOING TO BE DIFFICULT, BUT THEN GREG REMEMBERED THE MILITANT WORKERS...



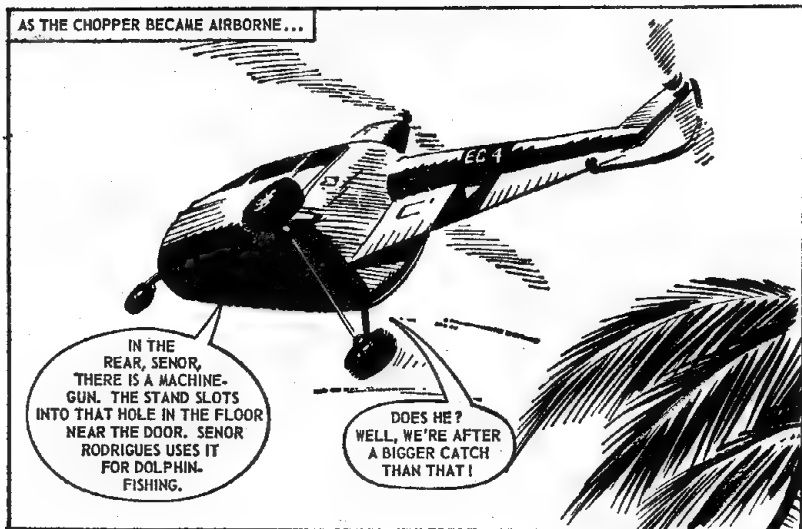
THE LANDROVER ROARED AWAY FROM THE DRIVE, SHOTS WHISTLING AROUND IT...



JOHNSON AND CRIPPS RACED TO THE SMALL LANDING-PAD AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...

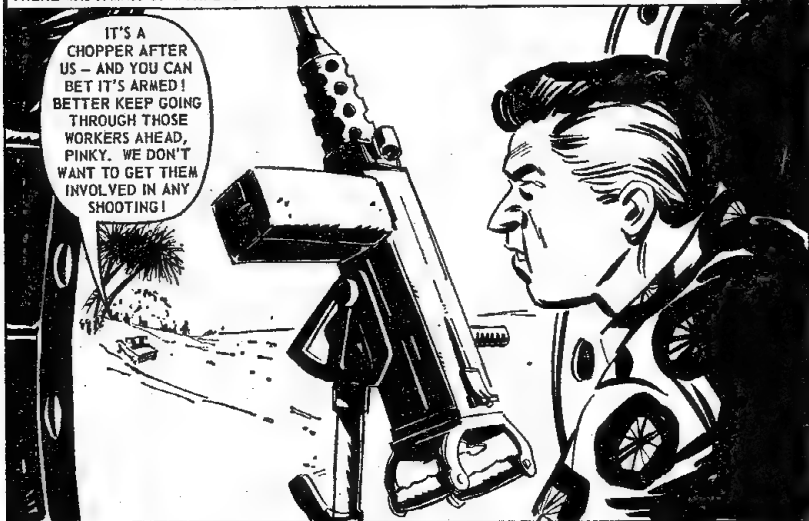


AS THE CHOPPER BECAME AIRBORNE...



THERE WAS A MASS OF WORKERS ON THE COAST ROAD ALONG WHICH THE LANDROVER WAS DRIVING...

IT'S A  
CHOPPER AFTER  
US - AND YOU CAN  
BET IT'S ARMED!  
BETTER KEEP GOING  
THROUGH THOSE  
WORKERS AHEAD,  
PINKY. WE DON'T  
WANT TO GET THEM  
INVOLVED IN ANY  
SHOOTING!



BUT PINKY WAS FORCED TO SLOW UP BY THE ANGRY MOB.

LET US  
THROUGH!  
WE ARE YOUR  
FRIENDS!

PAH!  
IT IS ONLY  
THE ENGLISH TOURISTS.  
LET THEM GO! IT IS  
RODRIGUES WE  
WANT!



THE HELICOPTER WAS PERILOUSLY CLOSE BY THE TIME PINKY HAD INCHED CLEAR OF THE STRIKERS.

STEP ON  
IT, PINKY!  
TRY TO GET TO THE  
PLANT - THERE'LL  
BE SHELTER  
THERE!



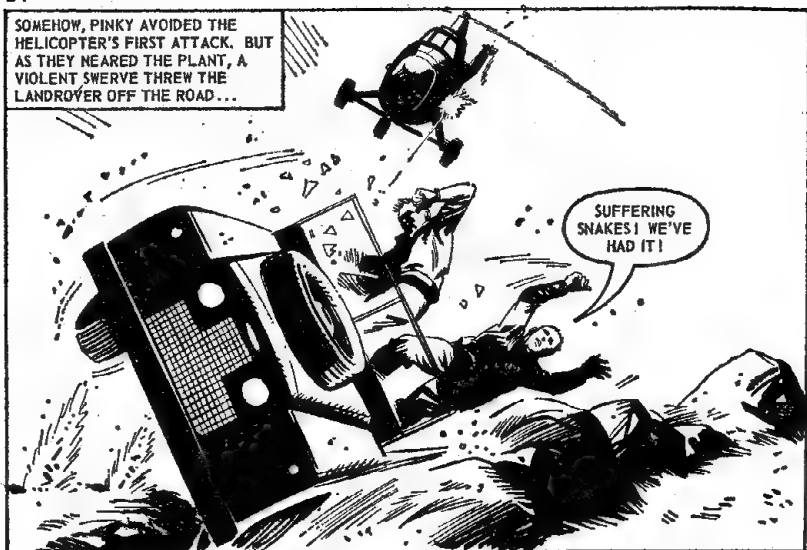
THE FACTORY ITSELF WAS ALMOST DESERTED. THE WORKERS HAD BEATEN UP THEIR GUARDS BEFORE WALKING OUT...

THEY WERE  
LIKE ANIMALS!  
COME - WE  
MUST WARN SENOR  
RODRIGUES...

HE IS  
LUCKY THEY DID  
NOT DESTROY THE NEW  
MACHINE!



SOMEHOW, PINKY AVOIDED THE HELICOPTER'S FIRST ATTACK. BUT AS THEY NEARED THE PLANT, A VIOLENT SWERVE THREW THE LANDROVER OFF THE ROAD...



AS THEY PULLED THEMSELVES TO THEIR FEET, THEY SAW THE CHOPPER SWINGING AROUND TO FINISH THEM OFF...

WATCH IT, PINKY! USE THE TRUCK FOR COVER!

THE MURDERING SWINE!




COOLLY, DELIBERATELY, THE TWO MEN TOOK AIM. IT WAS KILL - OR BE KILLED!



ITS PILOT HIT, THE HELICOPTER SWERVED WILDLY LIKE A WOUNDED BIRD. ABOVE THE PLANT, IT SUDDENLY DIVED.



INTO THE HEART OF THE PLANT IT PLUMMETED. EVEN FROM A DISTANCE, GREG AND PINKY HEARD THE HORRIBLE CRUNCH AND SAW THE FIRST LICKING TONGUES OF FLAME. THEN - IT HAPPENED...



MY GODFATHERS!  
THE LENZ HEAT  
REACTOR MUST HAVE  
BLOWN UP.



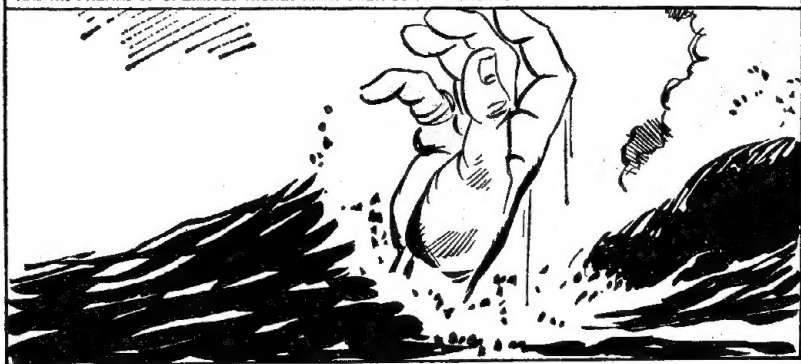
IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT RODRIGUES IN HIS CAR MET HIS ANGRY SLAVE-LABOURERS. BEING THE MAN HE WAS, HE TRIED TO BULL-DOZE HIS WAY THROUGH THEM...



BUT THREATS WOULD NOT FRIGHTEN THAT MOB, ROUSED TO BLOOD HEAT BY THE INHUMAN TREATMENT THEY HAD RECEIVED. ONE HUGE HEAVE - AND MANUEL RODRIGUES, STILL IN HIS CAR, WAS TOSSED OVER THE CLIFF...



EVEN AS HE PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH IN THE SEA, RODRIGUES MUST HAVE SEEN HIS DIAMOND FACTORY AND HIS DREAMS OF UNLIMITED RICHES AND POWER GO UP IN SMOKE.



AFTER THEY HAD CLEARED THEMSELVES WITH THE BRAZILIAN AUTHORITIES, GREG AND PINKY HAD A LOOK AT RIO DE JANEIRO...



NOW, WE  
CAN ENJOY A  
REAL BIG NIGHT  
OUT, EH,  
GREG?

PINKY,  
SINCE WE PAID  
FOR THAT BOAT,  
WE'VE GOT JUST  
ENOUGH CHANGE TO  
GET US TO THE AIR-  
PORT WITH OUR  
RETURN TICKETS..  
LET'S GO,  
CHUM...

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